

NEW YORK JOURNAL

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W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Fair and warmer; northerly winds, becoming variable.

THE
SENATE
TARIFF BILL.

The amended Dingley bill as presented by the Finance Committee of the Senate appears to give no more satisfaction than the original House measure. To be sure, the retroactive clause has been removed and some reductions have been made, but as a whole the new bill is as glaring a mosaic of favoritism to the few at the expense of the many as the most ardent advocate of protection for protection's sake could wish. Nevertheless, the denunciation of the Finance Committee that pours in from Republican batteries is not fair. Democrats have a right, of course, to condemn the whole thing as being built on false principles, but Republicans are barred from that kind of criticism. Also they are, or should be, estopped by consistency from raging at Senator Jones because he took advantage of his dominating position on the committee to demand that the people of the whole country shall be taxed in order that a handful of Nevadans may have their profits increased. Senator Jones has simply done his duty according to the Republican gospel, and acted for the interests of his constituents precisely as every other protectionist in either House of Congress does. Stealing under the forms of law is wicked, doubtless, but why is it more wicked in the case of a small State than in that of a large one? Nevada has as good a constitutional and moral right to her share of the tariff loot—which, under the rules of the game, is all she can extort—as has Pennsylvania or Ohio.

There is indignation, too, among good protectionists because the committee has resorted to the British plan of raising revenue by imposing a duty on tea, which is not grown in this country. Here we have a strictly "free trade" custom house tax, and a confession that a high protective tariff will not produce an income sufficient for the ordinary expenses of the Government. The tea tax and the increased beer and tobacco taxes would be all right were the cost of the necessities of life contemporaneously reduced to the consumer. But here the "free trade" principle has been ignored by the committee, and the prices of the necessities raised together with the prices of the luxuries. The consumer is given a double load. And why? Not for the general good, but in order simply that the favorites of the Republican party may be the gainers in pocket. No wonder that the consumer, Republican or Democrat, is kicking.

It need not be said that the Republicans of the Finance Committee, while taxing the teapot, the pipe and the beer of the people, have been tender of the interests of the Sugar Trust. The amended bill is even kinder to this combine than the House measure was. Senator White, of California, a member of the committee, tells the whole story when he says, "The sugar schedule was written by the Sugar Trust."

That was a natural concession. There are Republican threats that the right of the Sugar Trust to legislate on sugar will be contested on the floor of the Senate. No doubt there will be protests, and no doubt, either, that when the bill comes under debate it will be assailed in many particulars. But of this we may be sure: If the Republicans can marshal a majority of the Senate, the bill as finally adopted will be the kind of bill the trusts, sugar and other, desire. The Republican party belongs to them. This is a trust Administration, and the country may as well make up its mind to live for the next four years under government by and for the trusts.

THE TERRIBLE
PARIS
HOLOCAUST.

The heartrending tragedy of the Grand Bazar de Charité at Paris is one of the most notable things of its kind which has occurred for many a long year. The fact that two hundred people of the highest social rank, among whom were several connected with royalty, met their death in such a horrible fashion is in itself no more touching in its appeal to humanity than if they had been ragpickers or washerwomen. But the social prestige of the victims and the charitable nature of the function in which they were engaged give an additional interest to the awful catastrophe.

It is quite remarkable that a regular bazaar organized as a permanent institution for the combined benefit of the charities of Paris by the richest people in society, and invested with all the accessories of fashionable splendor, should be held in a frail structure of wood and painted cloth, its material offered peculiar liability to the accident of flame, and the swiftness of destruction shows what a death trap it was. Such a fire once started, just such an end was inevitable. Yet the gay Paris world used this flimsy cardboard building without a thought of danger. It was almost like dancing on the edge of a volcano. Paris is regarded as the great centre of civilization, and certainly it is that in the refinement and elegance of its pleasures, whether these appeal to intellect or the senses. But in many of the important practical affairs of life Paris is sadly behind the age, and its municipal administration is very faulty. Its fire department is a mockery, as its officials who have visited this country have frankly acknowledged, and the water supply is very deficient in the emergency of fires. The mere existence of such a gigantic tinder box proves that there can be no proper public supervision over buildings, as there is in most of the large and well ordered cities of the world. It is not going far to say that a structure of the sort used for the Grand Bazar de Charité could never have been allowed in New York within the memory of the present generation. The lesson ought to be tremendously effective. If the municipal government of Paris should fall after this warning to provide against the erection of similar buildings, it will be a public crime.

THE GIANT
AMONG
CITIES NOW.

Governor Black has signed the new charter, and this is now the city of Greater New York, with a population of 3,000,000 souls. In all the world there is but one city larger than this—London. The desire for bigness is gratified by the consolidation of its environs with the metropolis. Let us hope that with the increased size of New York there will be developed a commensurate sense of civic responsibility, a livelier public spirit and a stronger resolution to secure good government.

How the governmental machinery provided by the charter will work only experience can show. That defects will be developed is certain, but these defects can be cured as they arise. The people of Greater New York have determined to take their chances.

One of the best results of consolidation is sure to be the upgrowth of community feeling, and that will tell for home rule, a blessing now denied New York, and the absence of which detracts much from the pleasure of life in what should be the freest as well as the largest city of the Republic. It is not in human nature that a metropolis with

the power of self-assertion given by its 3,000,000 population and enormous wealth will submit to being ruled in its internal affairs and social habits by people of opposing interests and ideas living beyond its borders. In due time Greater New York will rule itself as part of the State of New York, or else it will become the State of Manhattan. The new giant will find a way to be his own master.

MORE
JOURNAL
NEWS TRIUMPHS.

The Journal of yesterday furnished the public with another of its many demonstrations of the difference between the new journalism and the old. The old or back number newspaper is satisfied to sit still and wait for things to come to it; the Journal reaches out for news, and regards the whole world as the field for its efforts. It does not depend upon news associations alone, however excellent their service may be, but stations special correspondents of its own at all important points at home and abroad. As a result of this policy, it frequently has the advantage of being first to give publicity to great pieces of news, and generally has fuller and better accounts of capital happenings.

Witness in point the Journal's cabled description of the awful catastrophe of Tuesday in Paris. No one could compare it with the reports of the same event in the other newspapers of New York without perceiving at once its immense superiority in vividness, in detail, in accuracy. The Journal's Paris correspondent was on the ground and saw the horrible fire, and therefore was able to tell the dreadful story with the feeling and fidelity and circumstantiality of an eye-witness.

In the same issue of the Journal appeared a statement given to the world by Crown Prince Constantine of Greece, Commander-in-Chief of the forces, through Mr. John Bass, our correspondent with the Greek army at Pharsala. In this statement, given alone to the Journal among American newspapers, Prince Constantine replies to those who charge upon him the blame of the retreat from Matli. "I am happy," he said, "that an opportunity is given me to contradict false and absurd stories that are now going about as to the part I played." He was at the front, but, he declares, "the idea never crossed my mind that a retreat was necessary. They now reproach me with having given orders to leave our positions. You are at liberty to declare that no such order was ever penned by me. I felt, and I still hold to the same opinion, that we could stand our ground. The truth is, all my orders to the commanders of forces might be summed up in two words: 'Push forward!' But others, he says, having ordered the retreat from Matli and Derella, and that retreat being in progress, Prince Constantine took it upon him to leave Larissa in order "to bring back the army to Pharsala, where we should occupy a practically impregnable position." The Prince is willing to shoulder whatever burden is rightfully his. "I take," he says, "full responsibility for the order. I was absolutely convinced that a retreating army could not be trusted to re-form in the open plain in which Larissa is situated." As to his opinion on what should be the Greek course, Constantine is frank. "I personally remain convinced," he states, "that it would be preferable to take the offensive. Tell our friends," he adds, "that hasty judgment would be unfair, and that we hope to show them soon that everything which has been done was really in the interest of the country."

The Journal at the same time was enabled to give, side by side with Prince Constantine's statement, one from General Smolenski, who, through Mr. Franklin Bouillon, our correspondent with the Greek army at Velesino, lays the whole responsibility for the Matli disaster upon the Prince. The order for the retreat, he avers, came from Constantine. "I refused to believe it," said General Smolenski. "I waited, and a second and more pressing order followed." The General is not without hope. "Tell our friends in America," he said to the Journal's correspondent, "that they need not despair as yet. We mean to deserve their friendship by acting up to the hard-earned reputation of our country."

With the statements of the Commander-in-Chief and the favorite General of the Greek army before it, the American public is enabled to judge of the real status of the struggle of Greece to save herself from being crushed by the Turkish invasion. In no other newspaper have the chief leaders of the nation spoken in appeal to the world's judgment. The Journal as to this war has furnished and is furnishing the fullest and most trustworthy news—the news upon which its contemporaries base their comments on the situation. That, indeed, is what the Journal is constantly doing as to most events which by their importance attract public attention. It is the service that the new journalism performs and which the old journalism neglects—though the old journalism is not backward in availing itself later of the intelligence which the Journal gathers at the cost of better brains, more energy and large expense. In order to learn at first hand and early what is going on everywhere it is necessary to read the Journal.

Another office seeker has been robbed by Washington artists. The last man to undergo this unpleasant experience hailed from Wisconsin and went to grief over the knock-out-drops route. The other unfortunate office seeker was a Texan, so it will be seen that the operators display no sectional prejudice in the selection of their victims.

The Senator from Nevada has a firm grip on the tail of the Dingley bill. Never before in the history of the country did such an opportunity come to the Jones family.

Mr. Reed has Mr. Bailey's earnest co-operation in his effort to make the Senate appear ridiculous, but up to the present time all the silliness is going on on the House side.

After contemplating Mr. Grosvenor's elaborate argument for the retroactive clause the Senate committee struck it from the tariff bill. Here is one case where the Ohio Congressman didn't figure successfully.

The mother-in-law joke has received another severe wrench. A Washington man has just died from grief caused by the death of his wife's mother.

When Fire-Alarm Forker was a lad on his father's farm his principal avocation was picking geese. This experience ought to enable him to make things lively for some of his colleagues.

They Sailed to
See the Jubilee.

JUST for the fun of the thing I rattled down to the North River yesterday to see the St. Paul and the Majestic sail. I was right glad I did, for I found aboard both steamers some of our old friends whose departure had not been trumpeted through the press, and I also discovered that Mr. and Mrs. William C. Whitney, who had been booked for the St. Paul, failed to put in an appearance.

All the quidnuncs in town will be asking why the Whitneys changed their plans at the last moment, and whether or not their European trip this Summer has been abandoned.

Without assuming to know more about the matter than other people, I should say that in the multitude and magnitude of his business affairs Mr. Whitney found it convenient to change his day of sailing, as many another man of affairs has done before him.

He will yet see the Queen's Jubilee, and the Queen will see his Westbury logs, which will make it a stand-off.

Stowed away among the diplomats, theatrical managers, actors and actresses on the St. Paul, whom should I find but F. Gray Griswold, former M. F. H. of the Meadowbrook Hunt, and the most exquisite gallant of the last twenty years.

He was as immaculate, as blond and as aristocratic as ever, and on the whole seemed to feel a bit out of his class, although he was surrounded by such celebrities as General Horace Porter, General Nelson A. Miles, Manager Dan Frohman, Actor Harry Woodruff and those effulgent luminaries of the stage, Miss Blanche Walsh and Miss Anna Held.

Some chaplains that I know would consider a voyage in this company as delectable as a week in Paradise, but they are not so old as Gray, and their mustaches don't droop with such freezing hauteur as his.

Griswold really ought to have sailed on the Majestic. There he would have found Mrs. Ogden Mills, and these two could have sat on deck together and driven everybody else indoors to escape their Arctic atmosphere.

As it is, I am afraid the company he is in may thaw some of the icicles off him before he reaches London.

At the Majestic's pier I encountered another surprise. There was the whole of the Dunoon Elliott family, except "Dunc" himself and the bulldog.

Mrs. Elliott, in a green tailor-made gown, looked paler than usual, but she was vivacious in the centre of a group of friends that included Lisha Day, Alphonso Navarro, Hamilton Hercules Cary and Maitland Kersey, all of whom were there to wish her bon voyage, and went ashore when the signal was sounded.

Before I could make inquiries as to the whereabouts of "Dunc" that prize ornament of the Kluksklocker Club came swinging up the gangplank with his unfriendly legs quite at odds with each other and his florid face bedewed with perspiration.

He seemed relieved when he realized that he hadn't been left and couldn't be.

With Mr. and Mrs. Elliott were their two children, a man servant, a maid and a stewardess, but the bulldog was left at home.

And yet there are people in this town whose chief delight apparently is to go around saying that Dunoon Elliott hasn't had money since he failed in the pea-soup business.

Still another surprise on the Majestic was the presence there of Tom McCaleb as a passenger.

I thought that McCaleb had gone to Europe a week ago, just after that farewell dinner at the Waldorf.

Well, it isn't the first time that a chap has altered his sailing plans after a farewell dinner.

McCaleb hasn't any particular plans about this trip abroad. Indeed, plans rather bore him anyway. He prefers to drift on the gentle current of pleasure seeking.

Still I hope that he will find it convenient to return before the Newport season ends. A whole season at Tom McCaleb would be like a Spring without apple blossoms.

And Mrs. Ogden Mills—well, at one time you could hardly see Mrs. Ogden Mills for the flowers that she carried and that otherwise surrounded her. The hostesses of New York seemed to have been stripped by Mrs. Mills's admirers for parting offerings. She was accompanied by her husband, son, two daughters and three servants.

At the last moment, when the final signal was sounding to go ashore, a young man rushed frantically up the gangplank, looked wildly about until he caught sight of Mrs. Mills, and then rushed breathlessly to her side. It was "Worthie" Whitehouse come to bid farewell to the lady whose kindly offices first brought his legs into fame as a cotton leader.

It was a close call, but "Worthie" got there, and all doubt is now at rest as to who will lead at the dances of "The Howling Swells" next Winter.

Other chaplains sailing on the Majestic with or without men servants, but generally with, were John E. Cowdin, crack polo player and all-around sports boy; A. M. Prouditt of the Union Club; J. Hampton Robb, a beef eater for keeps; W. A. Prime, and good old Peter Moller with his family.

Then there was Miss Amy Townsend going to join the George H. Bends and Miss Amy Bend; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mairs, who was Miss Caroline Elise Jaffray Hurst; Mrs. A. J. Forbes-Leth, and Hon. Charles-magne Tower, our new Minister to Austria-Hungary, with Mrs. Tower and four little Towers.

All told, the Majestic's passenger list on this trip is imposing. She carries precious freight.

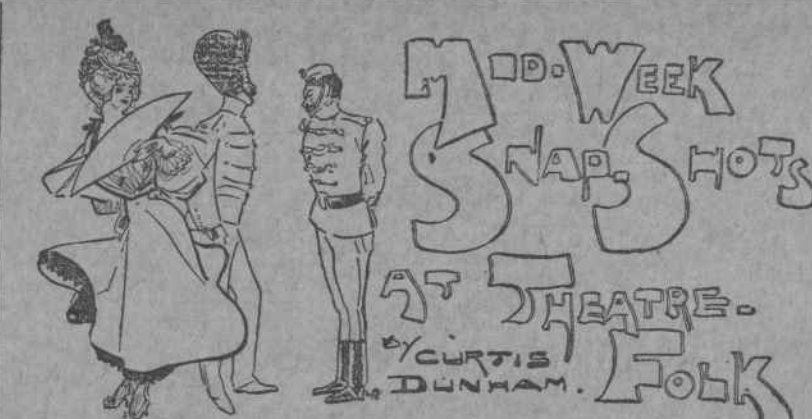
But in the whole consignment there was nothing rarer than the picture of Dunoon Elliott as the big ship swung out for midstream. He was standing on the lower deck quite alone, but the glory of his lemon-colored shirt, his Nile green necktie and the two enormous red roses that overfilled his buttonhole and dragged down the lapel of his coat made his solitary blossom like a fashionable milliner's.

It's hard to surrender "Dunc" to the English, but he promises to return in about two months, and then we'll all be happy again.

Arthur Isella is younger even than his years.

Half a dozen newspapers publish the information that he denies that he is engaged to pretty Elizabeth Le Roy Emmet, of New Rochelle.

So far as I can discover, nobody ever said



PLUTOCRATIC vaudevillians really should be more careful about any unnecessary display of their pelf, particularly in the presence of their poor but proud "legitimate" brothers and sisters.

Among the vaudeville stars with well-thumbed pocketbooks Marie Dressler is a shining example. Her burlesque of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" did it. Ever since that rollicking travesty captured the lovers of laughter, Miss Dressler has had the greatest difficulty in settling her small bills. The fanitor of her hat, her newspaper boy, the laundry man, and all the small tradesmen of Miss Dressler's neighborhood have doleful tales to tell of the time they lost during the Winter making change of the hundred dollar bank notes which the actress invariably tendered with the apology that she had nothing smaller about her.

It was well enough for Miss Dressler to flaunt her wealth in the faces of tradesmen, who, too often, are put off with promises; but when she approached a railway station ticket window the other day in a hurry to catch the west-bound train she should have looked about her before displaying her assortment of silver and gold certificates of denominations which the ticket agent flatly refused to consider.

While the actress was frantically rummaging through her plunder in search of something small enough to tempt the agent, a threadbare tragedian stood at her elbow, white to the lips and gasping for air. Miss Dressler, enraptured with her own troubles, did not notice him. But the ticket agent did, and the latter is authority for the report that when the actress had finally discovered a pair of paltry double eagles in her small purse, purchased her ticket and passed on the tragedian tottered up to the window, produced in dimes and nickels the price of his fare to Poughkeepsie, and turned away muttering:

"Away, false pride, begone! Next season I, too, will be a vaudevillian."

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—the real Tess—Minnie Maddern Fiske, who has been almost the one novel and powerful feature of the present dramatic season, will be seen for the last time on Saturday night. Mrs. Fiske's success has been at the expense of efforts which have unduly wearied her. Every detail of the artistic production has been under her direction, so that to credit her only with her beautiful interpretation of Hardy's great character is to do her scant justice. Her management of the stage is worthy of the emulation of many who devote themselves wholly to that branch of production. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Fiske will be seen in altogether a different role—that of Cyprien in Sardou's "Divorçons." That of Saturday night will be her sixty-ninth appearance as Tess, and the curtain will fall then for the season, in order that the actress may recuperate for the labors of next year.

This is a confession. It is made to point a moral and adorn a tale. The tale may not be of much consequence, but the moral reaches clear down into the roots of things.

In an unguarded moment many years ago the present writer did as many a better man has done—that is to say, wrote a play. It was a small affair, in one act, and was not thrust upon managers to any great extent. In fact, till ten days ago its dignified solitude in a dark corner of my desk had been but once interrupted. The second bringing to the light of this evidence of early indiscretion was due to a fatal weakness—which, too, has been acknowledged by better men—played upon by an actor tolerably expert at his trade, to whom I had unthinkingly made known the existence of my modest effort.

"Give it to me," said he, "and I'll tell you in a jiffy what it amounts to."

I did. So did he.

"With a new arrangement of the scenes," said my actor friend, "new dialogue, new characters except the leading part and a skirt dance or something else lively and interesting to make 'em good-natured at the start, your play wouldn't be so bad."

"Are there no other changes you can suggest?" I asked.

"No. In fact, I think so well of the piece that I'll undertake to make these changes myself and create the leading part."

"I beg your pardon," said I, thinking my ears had deceived me.

"I will, damme if I won't," said my actor friend, slapping me on the back. "I'll create the leading part myself."

There was no mistaking him this time. The word "create" was perfectly distinct.

"If you 'create' the principal character, where does the author come in?" said I.

Whereupon my actor friend informed me gravely that the function of the author was to "think up" the plot and "write out" the lines for the actors, who "created" the different characters.

And when I politely but firmly insisted on my poor little play being returned to me, in order that I might restore to it the dignity of its solitary corner in my desk, my actor friend was too astonished to say a word. If this should meet his eye he will know that while I am perfectly willing to have my leading character "interpreted," I must insist that it is already "created."

The report that the Third Avenue line of elevated railway has been overcrowded with traffic between the hours of 7 and 8 and 11 and 12 p. m. since Monday is not a difficult matter to account for. The Waite Comedy Company is offering a bargain sale of seats at the Murray Hill Theatre.

It is remarkable the amount of comment created by the marriage of a few pairs of actor lovers, more or less, at this season of the year, when even the birds in the park know that it is the proper time for mating. In the case of the actor lovers the season is doubly appropriate. While obeying the same instinct which actuates the birds matrimonially, they are further guided by reason. What is marriage without a honeymoon? What actor can afford the luxury of a honeymoon while the theatres are all open and the public is willing to be amused? Now is the accepted time, as Odette Tyley, Mary Manning, Alfred Bradley and others have proved.

The foregoing will indicate the absurdity of the scheme of a correspondent who has written to Charles and Daniel Frohman, suggesting that they employ as members of their companies one fully ordained clergyman for each, in order that other members of the company may be enabled to marry at any time without interfering with business. I am authorized to say for the representatives of the gentlemen named that no clergyman need apply.

that he was engaged to Miss Emmet of any one else.

But even if such allegation had been made, it would have been much more delicate to have left the denial to the young lady.

It is gratifying to read in a contemporary that "Ralph N. Ellis has settled down in his country seat."

That is an excellent thing to do, of course, but what was the genial M. F. H. of the Meadowbrook Hunt doing before he settled down?

The will of the late Howard Potter is unnecessarily severe upon Mrs. James Brown Potter—once famous in society as his daughter-in-law, now more famous as an actress—when he excludes not only her from a share in his property but any child of hers born after the year 1880.

It looks very much as though the old man suspected that his son still loved his actress wife and was afraid that there might be a reconciliation between them.

He needn't have had any such forebodings. Mrs. James Brown Potter has had her fill of New York's fashionable life, and especially of the Potter family.

She wouldn't come back to either if she could, and, of course, she can't come back to the former, at least.

But it is a bitter exclusion, and might better have been left out, if for no other reason, for the sake of the child that was

born before 1880. That child is a young lady now, and might have been spared this posthumous blow at her mother if her grandfather had been less vindictive in his hatred.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Woes and Honors
of Our Consuls.

Paris, April 25.—The publicity recently given to the irregularities of Mr. Clyde Shropshire while that sportive youth was holding the office of Vice-Consul-General of the United States in Paris, nearly a year ago, has stirred up those travelling Americans who consider that our consulates in Europe are established as boarding house agencies and lost property offices, to the writing of numerous letters to a Paris newspaper. These letters relate many grievances suffered by the subscribers at the hands of consuls of the United States, ranging from neglect to attend to telegrams concerning theatre tickets to refusals to cash checks. This clamor may have reflected somewhat upon Consul-General Samuel E. Morss, who has held the Paris position since 1883, though, to do him justice, he does not seem to mind it much. However, Mr. Morss is considered by the American contingent in Paris to have held the post of Consul-General in a particularly acceptable manner, and hence the American Chamber of Commerce has rather gone out of its way to make that circumstance conspicuous. At the last meeting of that body a resolution was adopted and ordered to be entered in full on the records of the Chamber, and, when suitably engrossed, presented to Mr. Morss. In this resolution the Chamber puts on record the great assistance given to it by Mr. Morss, both in his private capacity and in the meetings of the Board of Directors and in his public capacity as Consul-General of the United States. His representations to the governments of France and the United States having done much to advance the interests of the Chamber. The resolution further records that in recognition of his services Mr. Morss's name will be retained on the list of honorary members of the Chamber. Mr. Morss, by the way, expects to return to the United States very soon, where he will resume his former occupation as editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel, of which newspaper he is the proprietor.

Poulney Bigelow has achieved the somewhat doubtful honor of being recognized in Spain as the newspaper champion of that country against Cuba and the United States. Mr. Bigelow has been writing to the same Paris newspaper that published the attacks upon the Consular service about the United States Legation in Madrid, Minister Hamlin Taylor, and the general situation in Spain with so much effect that the Spaniards are also contributing to the columns of that journal enthusiastic plaudits of Mr. Bigelow. One letter published yesterday is particularly grateful in tone and assures Mr. Bigelow that he has earned the "respectful sympathy of all Spaniards who have read his frank and open declarations," etc. Why "sympathy"? By the way, in Mr. Bigelow's letter from Madrid he says: "The United States Government is supposed to have a First Secretary in Spain, and diligent search on my part failed to find him. He has no leave of absence, consequently we must presume that he is hiding somewhere hardily in fear of a tumult." The First Secretary of Legation in question is Henry Armstrong, who has been in Paris for the last month. When I asked him to-day about his leave of absence, he informed me that as he had resigned from the diplomatic service he did not consider that he needed leave of absence, and that instead of feeling trouble in Spain, the kindly dulness of Madrid had prompted him to leave that town for Paris.

A rumor surged madly down the boulevards, while traffic was at its height a day or two ago, jostling pedestrians into the streets, jamming cabs together and overturning omnibuses, and disappeared among the newspaper offices. That evening the pulse of Paris throbbed feverishly, for the rumor appeared in black and white in the cafes and restaurants to the effect that Yvette Guilbert, the virgin queen of the ballade risque, was to be married to an American gentleman with an income that varied according to the enthusiasm of the newspaper that announced it from 20,000 francs to \$20,000, and even to \$20,000 per annum. A search for this fortunate person revealed the untoward circumstance that no American gentleman with any visible 20,000 francs, dollars or pounds had been recently singing in the footlights of La Scala where Mile. Yvette is nightly giving, and yesterday that lady indignantly and circumstantially denied the soft impeachment upon her even maiden signature, clinching her argument with the assertion that when anything of international importance occurred to herself she knew perfectly well how to announce it in the newspapers. By a coincidence so startling as almost to justify a belief in the supernatural Mr. Ted D. Marks, of New York, London and Paris, Miss Guilbert's American manager, was in town the same day that the rumor got loose.

There is a smart young man in Paris who rides a bicycle and is a clerk in an office near the Bourse. If he had been a little less smart he would not be riding the bicycle to-day. Last Saturday afternoon the sweet young man went into a tobacco shop in the Rue Richelieu to purchase some cigarettes, leaving his machine standing against the curb in front of the place. When he came out of the shop he found that the bicycle had been stolen and that it and the thief were out of sight. The office of the Petit Journal was not far away, and the smart young man went over there and inserted an advertisement in the Sunday issue to the effect that a gentleman would pay a good price for a second-hand bicycle, naming his preference for one of the same make as the one that was stolen. Sunday afternoon, sure enough, the thief came around and offered to sell the smart young man his own machine. The smart young man had the pleasure of getting back his bike and handing the thief over to the police.

FRANK M. WHITE.

Literary Item.
[Detroit News.]

While the Tariff bill as amended by the Senate may be neither intelligent nor comprehensive, it is possible that Mr. Dingley may be able to sell it as a Scotch dialect story.

Preferences.
[Aitchison Globe.]

A man likes an industrious woman when he is hungry, but after he has eaten, he likes to be amused by an idle woman, who has had time to curl her hair.

In After Life.
[Aitchison Globe.]

In after life a man recalls that he has never received the encouragement from any woman that he received from the girl in his first love affair.

A Wife's Affections.
[Pittsburgh News.]

A man never realizes how much his wife's affections are worth until he goes into court to sue somebody for stealing them.